

11622 bbb-29

O D E S,
E L E G I E S,
S O N G S, &c.



O D E S,
E L E G I E S,
S O N G S, &c.

By J A M E S B R O W N.

Treman

Oh! Masonry, 'twas you my heart inclin'd,
You taught me Mercy, and enlarg'd my mind.
May all your lessons through the world extend,
Then Man will be of Man the certain friend;
No diff'rent Faith, or Party disunite
And doing good be ev'ry Man's delight.

Masonic Epilogue spoken in Exeter, Jan. 27, 1777.

B R I S T O L :

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Exeter.

ODES
ELEGIES
SONGS, &c.

By JAMES BROWN.

Oh! Victory, how glorious art thou!
How bright the flames, and how the world
May all join nations through the world extend
Then men will be as men in certain blood;
No more the world of man, but all
And long shall be the world of man.



Printed (for the Author) by GEORGE ROUTE and Co.
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T O
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OF
FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,
FOR THE
CITY AND COUNTY OF BRISTOL,
(THE COUNTIES OF ESSEX, DORSET, GLOUCES-
TER, AND SOMERSET,)
THE PROVINCIAL GRAND OFFICERS,
AND
THE REST OF THE BRETRHEN
OF THIS
RESPECTABLE ORDER,
THE FOLLOWING WORK
IS, WITH THE UTMOST DEFERENCE
DEDICATED,
BY THEIR VERY RESPECTFUL
SERVANT AND BROTHER,
JAMES BROWN.

BRISTOL, *January,*
31, 1786.

THOMAS DUNKERLEY, Esq.

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OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS

OF THE

CITY AND COUNTY OF BRISTOL

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THE PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER

AND

THE REST OF THE BRETHREN

OF THIS

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THE FOLLOWING WORDS

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BY THEIR VERY RESPECTED

SEAL AND OTHER

JAMES FROX

Bristol, January

31-1786

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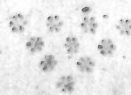
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18	-	-	-	-	From Olympus
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60	-	-	-	-	Thy roscate plenty

28	-	-	-	-	Assist me Urania
----	---	---	---	---	------------------

14	-	-	-	-	Apollo and Venus
----	---	---	---	---	------------------

29	-	-	-	-	Aurora just dawns
----	---	---	---	---	-------------------

72	-	-	-	-	Apollo and Bacchus
----	---	---	---	---	--------------------

60	-	-	-	-	Harmony's sons
----	---	---	---	---	----------------

60	-	-	-	-	Hail, Deity
----	---	---	---	---	-------------

33	-	-	-	-	Bright Hope
----	---	---	---	---	-------------

53	-	-	-	-	Brother Coopers advance
----	---	---	---	---	-------------------------

16	-	-	-	-	Come Geniſs of Concord
----	---	---	---	---	------------------------

31	-	-	-	-	Come, come my good friends
----	---	---	---	---	----------------------------

73	-	-	-	-	Come, come my good friends
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O D E S,
E L E G I E S,
S O N G S, &c.

A M A S O N I C S O N G.

Tune, "*To Anacreon in Heav'n.*"

TO Friendship divine, be my lay now address'd,
The source of all good, that we here can enjoy;
Fair Virtue expanding each FREE MASON's breast,
Increasing those Joys that have no alloy:
For long 'ere the flood,
Free Masonry stood,
Unshaken and firm, for the basis was good:
From heaven descended the blessing divine,
What's worthy and noble, in our order combine.

B

Let

Let Madness, let Folly, our system oppose,
 Jaundic'd envy and malice attack us in vain;
 The smiles of the Fair, will rout all our foes,
 And we willingly wear love's soft feather'd chain:
 The breast that's sincere,
 Must virtue revere,
 And surely be bless'd by Albion's sweet fair;
 And Masons will hail the blessings divine,
 When Love and true Friendship, shall blissful
 combine.

The Cardinal Virtues, our tenets approve,
 Well pleas'd with true Masons, delighted they
 dwell;
 Two pillars support the Mansion we love,
 Where Friendship's our Magic and Union the
 Benevolence warm, [spell;
 Each Mason can charm,
 And the keen edge of hatred instant disarm;
 Such the blessings that flow from our order divine,
 Where Harmony sweetly with Concord combine.
 With WISDOM we trace, and STRENGTHENING
 support,
 The wonderful BEAUTIES adorning the whole;
 Bright

Bright SOL, and fair LUNA, both quit heaven's
court,

And the glittering STARS that thro' ether roll ;

Nay, th' ALMIGHTY'S WORD,

Does protection afford,

The RULE and the GUIDE, of our FAITH, we
record,

May we practice these tenets of friendship and love,
To insure us all seats in the GRAND LODGE above.

A MASONIC SONG.

Tune, "*Rule Britannia.*"

WHEN Masonry by heav'n's command,
Illumin'd first this nether world,
Dividing then the sea from land,
No longer in confusion hurl'd.

*Hail Masonry ! mysterious and divine,
By heaven blest'd for ever shine.*

The East first blazon'd forth our fame,
The Ark by God's direction made,
Evinces well that Mason's claim,
Th' Almighty's great protecting aid.

Hail Masonry ! &c.

From Tubal Cain, from age to age,
Behold the art resplendent shine;
WISDOM and BEAUTY will engage,
Cementing STRENGTH the whole conjoin.

Hail Masonry! &c.

A Mason's virtues, minds prophane,
Will ne'er allow upon the SQUARE,
We pity both the weak and vain,
To folly they a temple rear.

Hail Masonry! &c.

The LEVEL truly points the line,
The PLUMB-RULE uprightness on earth;
Soft CHARITY here grateful shine,
And FAITH and HOPE, with chearful mirth.

Hail Masonry! &c.

To DUNCKERLEY, our glasses raise,
(The point within our circle here,)
His worth demands our warmest praise,
His steady zeal our thanks sincere.

*Hail Masonry! mysterious and divine,
By heaven blest'd for ever shine.*

A MASONIC

A MASONIC SONG.

Tune, "*Liberty Hall.*"

LET music's sweet charms our mysteries approve,
The powers of friendship and brotherly love ;
My language's not equal, and faint are my lays,
Free Masons to paint, or to sing in their praise.

Let cynical elves who to knowledge pretend,
Our order arraign, and their systems defend,
It sure must be madness observes common sense,
To condemn what's not known without a pretence.

'Tis minds truly lib'ral, that friendship can warm,
That can Eaves-droppers balk, and Cowans disarm;
Who the effence divine of our science shall prove,
And its orders majestic that regular move.

When distress and misfortune the gale adverse
blows,
Then our zeal and our friendship most fervently
glows,
Benevolence sweetly hails the brother distress'd,
And the soft balm of comfort pours into his breast.

In our lodge sweet instruction and pleasure we
blend,
And morality's tenets to all recommend;
The *Dove* and the *Lamb* likewise innocence show,
And *one* is a badge more than Kings can bestow.

May the blessings of heav'n our lodges attend,
Our order protect, and each brother defend;
May Free Masons flourish from shore unto shore,
And the TEMPLE exist 'till time is no more.

A M A S O N I C S O N G.

Tune "*The Mulberry Tree.*"

TO the fame of Free Masons your voices unite,
The virtues of Brothers with joy to recite,
Whose bosoms admit not of hate or of guile,
But friendship in concert with harmony smile.

*All shall admire Free Masons fame,**They honour claim,**By merit's name;**Two pillars fair,**They all revere,**And oral truths delighted hear.*

The term of Free Masons mankind must revere,
 In Lodges they all in due order appear;
 Then toast not your heroes in annals of fame,
 'Tis Brothers I'll give——'tis Free Masons I'll
 name.

All shall admire, &c.

The name of a Mason does honour confer,
 What fair one but men of such worth would prefer?
 For virtue and truth in their breasts brightly shine,
 And love planted there is a passion divine.

All shall admire, &c.

Permit me, my Brothers, with heart most sincere,
 In words truly warm, my good will to declare,
 May we with firm friendship each other regard,
 And heaven's best blessings that friendship reward.

All shall admire Free Masons fame,

We honour claim,

By merit's name,

Two pillars fair,

We all revere,

And oral truths delighted hear.

A MASONIC

A MASONIC SONG.

Tune, "*Or give me Death or Liberty.*"

WHEN Masons all in order sit,
Attentive round the board,
They banish noise and obscene wit,
Decorum is the word :
The knowledge that Free Masons gain,
Will ev'ry vice controul,
And teach them to relieve the pain,
That wounds a brother's soul :
For honour reigns in Masons' souls,
Instruction sweetens all their bowls,

FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY support,
The noble glorious pile ;
The VIRTUES FOUR do there resort,
And with complacence smile ;
Bright FREEDOM, FERVENCY, and ZEAL,
Shall to assist combine ;
And WISDOM, STRENGTH, and BEAUTY will
Supporting aid conjoin :
Thus, thus adorn'd what mansion fair,
Can with a Mason's Lodge compare ?

A MASONIC

A MASONIC SONG.

Tune, "*On the white cliffs of Albion.*"

ASSIST me, URANIA, our patroness muse,
With Apollo's soft lyre, thy blessings diffuse,
Support my weak lay with thy spirit divine,
URANIA's blest ardour adorn ev'ry line.

Impress'd be each bosom, with friendship benign,
Let care hence be banish'd, and chearfulness shine,
As the spheres in their circles orderly move,
Our lodges' great circle is brotherly love.

The fabrick is glorious, the foundation strong,
The sciences all to our order belong;
E'en Monarchs and Princes as Brethren we boast,
And the Temple's *first three* shall still be our toast.

The arts various beauties old time will annoy,
And the warm glowing tints of painting destroy;
The sculptor's proportion no longer be known,
And cities and temples to ruins be thrown.

But

But the Mason's grand art e'en time can defy,
Our lodges are lasting, our tenets ne'er die—
Sweet concord and friendship are pillars we own,
And beauties Mosaic by light are made known.

Majestic Proportion will graceful appear,
And luminous bodies that nations revere;
Forms rough and unhewn next are shewn to your
view,
Which you shape by the square, and angles make
true.

Our temple is noble, superb in each part ;
Our principal jewel is goodness of heart ;
All our secrets profound I've here shown to view,
And Masons will own that the painting is true.

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻
✻ ✻ ✻
✻ ✻ ✻
✻

On

O N

General ELLIOTT.

FOR ages shall great ELLIOTT's fame,

Be Britain's glorious boast ;

Iberia trembles at the name

That thund'ring shook her coast :

Bellona then her charms display'd,

And pallid Neptune shrunk dismay'd.

The Spanish bands by CRILLON led,

Their darling rock to gain,

And on great Ocean's wat'ry bed,

Their floating tow'rs were seen :

From Gib's old rock, his terrors flew,

And Vengeance smil'd the Scene to view.

The Rock appear'd one glorious star,

Envelop'd round with flame,

Like meteors shooting from afar,

Each ball like light'ning came.

Great ELLIOTT view'd the bloody scene,

With placid firmness—mind serene.

Their

Their floating tow'rs began to play,
 And Gib's foundation shake ;
 But red hot balls soon wing'd their way,
 And won the glorious stake :
 The rapid flames impel despair,
 And mangled heaps blow up in air.

Then CURTIS—then thy soul benign,
 Was fraught with all that's great,
 And with humanity divine,
 The drowning sav'd from fate.
 Brave BOYD, the hero we'll enroll,
 The Briton firm with ELLIOTT's soul.

From pole to pole shall Albion's fame,
 With splendid lustre shine,
 For BRUNSWICK's deeds, and MARLBRO's name,
 In ELLIOTT both combine ;
 His laurel wreaths by valour made,
 Nor Time, nor Envy e'er shall fade.

DAMON

DAMON and DAPHNE.

WITH Daphne the fair, how oft' have I stray'd,
 By yonder soft murmuring rill;
 My flame to declare I've often essay'd,
 But a look the effort wou'd chill;
 She calls me her friend, her lambkins I feed,
 A straggler I seek in the vale;
 But love I cou'd wish shou'd friendship succeed,
 And Damon's soft wishes prevail.

But tell me, ye youths, who sport on the plain
 Well vers'd in the arts of the fair,
 Instruct me but how my Daphne to gain,
 How hope shall prevail o'er despair?
 Tho' Daphne is kind, and mild as the morn,
 And sweet as the blossoms in May,
 Yet so humble a swain e'en Daphne may scorn,
 And frown on his love and his lay.

My cottage is small, my flocks are but few,
 The acres but few I call mine,
 Tho' trifling my wealth, my bosom is true,
 Sincerity there brightly shine:

Let

Let Daphne but wish, how Damon wou'd fly,
 Not swifter the winds would obey;
 Say Damon no more shall anxiously sigh,
 That Daphne his love will repay.

Then the meads and the groves wou'd rapt'rous
 hail,

The bliss of the new coming day,
 The warblers would sing simplicity's tale,
 And bless the sweet ides of May.

The shepherd thus sung, and Daphne was mov'd,
 For Damon she knew was sincere,
 His worth she esteem'd, and long she had lov'd,
 And Damon was sav'd from despair.

The SONS of HARMONY,

A Convivial Society so nam'd, instituted at the GLOBE,
 in CHRISTMAS STREET.

Tune, "*To Anacreon in heav'n.*"

APOLLO and Venus, a card sent around,
 To Paphos th' Olympical wits to invite;
 And Momus and Bacchus together were found,
 And both of them vow'd they'd for Paphos that
 night,

For

For there jolly boy,
 Expect real joy,
 Fruition can never sweet harmony cloy;
 The meeting is worthy, respected each name,
 To wit and good humour they all have a claim.

Round the table the toast and glass swiftly flew,
 Each goblet of Nectar sweet Venus did crown:
 Minerva arose to fair Friendship still true,
 Of the Gods beg'd a boon on earth to send down;
 An order let's found,
 Where Friendship enthron'd,
 Shall ever preside, and with glory be crown'd;
 Each member be worthy, respected each name;
 To wit and good humour shall all have a claim.

Then Bacchus rose up, seiz'd the goblet divine,
 And loudly declar'd he would toast the new
 band;
 Quoth Momus you're right—I approve the design,
 You've acted like Gods, and like Gods you have
 plann'd;

Let

Let Anacreon draw near,
 And with Comus come here,
 To christen these worthies they'll instant appear;
 This name at the Globe, ever honour shall claim,
 And HARMONY'S SONS be respected by fame.

Then Friendship arose, with a complacent smile,
 And thank'd all the Gods that to Friendship were
 true;

' I BERNARD depute in my favorite Isle,
 ' With BLANCHARD and WORDSWORTH, my
 ' reign to renew;
 ' For those who love me,
 ' Will firmly agree,
 ' Bright wit to support, with a true friendly glee.
 Let HARMONY'S SONS ever honour the name,
 Then ages can't injure their merit or fame.

The DECEITFUL FAIR.

IN yonder mead, my artless tale,
 I oft' to Phillis did repeat;
 My tuneful pipe wou'd echo hail!
 My happy heart then smil'd at fate!

My

My Phillis lov'd my heart believ'd,
 Her words stole sweetly to my soul,
 But oh, her tongue my love deceiv'd,
 Despair now reigns without controul.

Take heed, ye swains, of female art,
 Avoid the dangers of their eye;
 Now warn'd by me, elude the dart,
 That in their bosoms lurking lye;
 They smile—but surer to betray,
 The heart that's kind and loves sincere,
 Their honey'd accents smoothe the way,
 To disappointment and despair.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

WITH jocund mirth and hours of glee,
 My time did pleasant roll,
 With Bacchus, Wit, and Harmony,
 I ever love a bowl.

Elate in mind, by wine inspir'd,
 Fair fancy warm'd my soul,
 With future joys my breast was fir'd,
 My Sybil was—a bowl.

To call me out, young Cupid came,
 And said he would controul,—
 Without much noise his pow'r to tame,
 I drown'd him in our bowl.

Then Bacchus pleas'd declar'd he'd pour,
 A flask upon his poll;
 We with libations quench'd love's pow'r,
 'Till we o'erflow'd the bowl.

Thus love by wine shall conquer'd be,
 And ease the whining fool,
 For Bacchus, Wit, and Harmony,
 Will cure him with a bowl.

The world turns round—now burns my brain—
 I reel from pole to pole—
 For love is drown'd, and fled's my pain—
 I long for t'other bowl.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Tune, "*Distress me with.*"

WHEN England calls, what honest tar,
 But hears and hails the honor'd sound?
 And hurl her terrors thro' the war,
 On foes that would his country wound:
 Tho'

Tho' lovely Nancy claims his heart,
 In tears dissolv'd now begs his stay;
 Old England calls and we must part,
 'Tis almost treason this delay.
 Farewell, my love—this kiss—adieu!
 My heart thy image shall retain;
 My thoughts shall dwell alone on you,
 'Till I my Nancy clasp again.
 The lefs'ning boat then sail'd from shore,
 O'ercome with grief she wav'd her hand;—
 When soon the ship that William bore,
 No longer could be view'd from land.

A HUNTING SONG.

Tune, "*The sprightly horn.*"

THE orient gates of ruddy morn,
 The rays of day display'd,
 The sportsman rous'd by sound of horn,
 For sleep was soon repaid;
 Both steeds and dogs, the horn inspire,
 With emulation warm;
 And echo's voice the huntsmen fire,
 And woods and valleys charm.

Lo, Reynard flies o'er hill and dale,
 Despair impels his speed;
 The dogs with fury now prevail,
 Each anxious for the deed:
 Elate with joy the huntsmen view,
 Sly Reynard slack his pace,
 The farmers join the triumph too,
 His fall with shouts to grace.
 With transport now they all propose
 To fill the sparkling bowl,
 A social warmth with ardour glows,
 Expanding ev'ry soul;
 The glass now swiftly moves around,
 To toast some lovely fair,
 For hearts where friendship sits enthron'd
 Must nourish love sincere.

ABSENCE, an Elegy.

Address'd to MARIA.

THOSE blissful hours old time return,
 When with Maria I was blest;
 When both our hearts did mutual burn,
 And love alone we both confess'd,

How

How painful now the moments roll,

And oh! how languid ev'ry joy,
Except when Damon's anxious soul,

On thee alone his thoughts employ.

I envy ev'ry happy swain,

That with his fair one roves the mead,

I view their joys with restless pain,

And with despair my bosom feed.

By hopeless doubts I am distress'd,

Idea's pain I cannot name,

Yet ardent burns within my breast,

A lasting and unquench'd flame,

I storms wou'd brave and desarts wild,

Or either zone wou'd cheerful meet,

From thee wou'd be e'en years exil'd,

To make thy happiness compleat.

But 'tis not wealth can make me bless'd,

Not e'en Potosi, or Peru!

A humble cot—Content the guest—

And there, my love, Maria too.

S P R I N G, an Elegy,

Address'd to Mrs. B****.

Tune, "The birks of Endermay."

THE verdant plain now sweetly smiles,
 The feather'd choir with rapture sing,
 Each op'ning bud with fragrance hails,
 The blest'd return of blooming Spring;
 Oh, come my ANNA, lovely fair,
 My heart's best joy, my soul's delight,
 And view the landscape gay appear,
 Where rural beauties all unite.

The blushing rose now decks the grove,
 And vi'lets sweet perfume the air;
 This is the season sure for love,
 When nature's richest charms appear.
 May ANNA, all thy future days,
 Be one uninterrupted Spring,
 May'st thou deserve true merit's praise,
 And placid smile at envy's sting.

SUMMER,

S U M M E R, an Elegy.

Tune, "*How imperfect is expression.*"

THE yellow harvest glads the hind,
 Who joyous views the rip'ning ear,
 And happy that his labours find,
 The blessings of brown Ceres' care :
 The waving corn luxuriant shows,
 The fertile stores of mother Earth :
 With toil the reaper fervent glows,
 And lovely gleaners trip with mirth.
 When thro' the field Leander stray'd,
 The gen'rous owner of the soil,
 And view'd Maria, lovely maid,
 With beauteous softness gleaming toil :
 With fires unknown his bosom burns !
 His heart unbidden heaves a sigh !
 His frame impulsive to her turns !
 Alone on her can fix his eye !
 His noble mind above deceit,
 Wou'd not the innocent betray,
 He scorn'd the laws that guide the great,
 For in his breast true honor lay :

Come

He

He gaz'd—he lov'd—Maria too,
 The subtle, soft infection caught;
 The rising morn united two,
 Whose bosoms were with virtue fraught.

AUTUMN, an Elegy.

Tune, "*My fond Shepherds of late.*"

THE falling leaves denote decay,
 Reminding us how moments fly,
 The length'ned night and short'ned day,
 Life's various changes do imply:—
 The trees all bare disrob'd of green,
 That late a verdant foliage wore:
 The ant now shrinks from wind that's keen,
 And hies him to his Summer flore.

The Spring of life's one scene of blifs,
 No op'ning cares the breast annoy;
 The Summer gay is happiness,
 Maturing well both love and joy:
 In Autumn's season folly's tide,
 And passions', less impetuous roll,
 The heart "the pelting storm can 'bide,"
 Nor thunders shake the dauntless soul.

Come

Come then, Philander, honest friend,
 Whose age mature can point the way,
 Thro' thorny paths the sweets to blend,
 Of pleasure and instruction's lay;
 With fortitude impress my mind,
 Calmly to meet the cares below,
 And perfect resignation find,
 To ills that do from Heaven flow.

WINTER, an Elegy.

Tune, " *Goddeſs of eaſe, leave Lethe's brink.* "

How cold—how keen, the north wind blows,
 And waſts afar his biting blaſt ;

The peaſant ſhiv'ring braves the ſnows,
 And dreads how long the froſt may laſt :
 Each hearth with glowing embers bleſs'd,

Its chearing heat diffuſes round ;
 And Darby is by Joan careſs'd,
 Whoſe years increaſing bliſs had found.

With homely jug of nappy ale,
 Old Darby warm'd his ancient heart ;
 With ſhorten'd pipe did Joan regale,
 And puff'd away her care and ſmart ;

By

By Joan's worn chair Grimalkin sat,
 The fav'rite of revolving years;
 And Darby oft' poor Tray wou'd pat,
 Whose kindly touch the Spaniel chears.

They journey'd thro' the vale of life,
 Nor guilt they knew—nor knew of pride;
 For happy Darby and his wife,
 Made sweet content their lovely guide :
 Thro' Albion's clime may ev'ry pair,
 Their tenets copy and pursue,
 So that life's Winter may appear,
 As blissful as the Spring they knew.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Tune, "*The top-sails shiver in the wind.*"

THE sailer ploughs the stormy main,
 Alarm'd by no weak fear;
 His anxious heart but hopes to gain,
 The port where lives his dear :
 As points the needle to the pole,
 So just and true's the sailer's soul.

The

The Gordian knot's not half so strong,
 As that we seamen tie,
 For absence short, or absence long,
 Affects not constancy:
 A British sailor scorns deceit,
 And love and courage ever meet.
 Let fops whine out a subtle tale,
 With lies and envy fraught;
 Oh, think when blows the stubborn gale,
 On you we fix our thought:
 Each jolly tar when far away,
 Will by each gale, a sigh convey.
 The poles however distant wide,
 How wide the planets roll;
 The tar who fears not wind or tide,
 Will thus declare his soul,
 The poles shall join, the planets meet,
 Ere we betray,—or, love deceit.
 Fair Albion's cliffs our spirits warm,
 Our dangers past we scorn;
 'Tis only lovers know the charm,
 When we to home return;
 We rapid fly to fond embrace,
 And tears of joy bedeck each face.

A NAU.

A NAUTICAL SONG.

Written for the BRISTOL SAILING SOCIETY, previous to
their Nautic Exertions in July, 1785.

Tune, "The Albion Song."

GREAT Jove on Olympus, gave orders to Mirth,
To bestow in July ~~the~~ pleasure on earth;
That Neptune, his trident, with glory shou'd wield;
And honour's fair prize unto merit shou'd yield:
Let Sea-gods appear to support Neptune's name,
And honour the sails, that adventure for fame.

Let the whole coral host, shine beauteous to view,
Deck Nereids and Tritons in real azure blue;
Sweet Thetis their mistress, will Neptune support,
And Bristol's bold sons to the Sea-god pay court,
In exerting with skill their title to fame,
Shall th' SAILING SOCIETY's worth loud proclaim,

Then Jove with a smile thus to Juno did say,
That Bristol's Regatta shou'd merit display,
That soft breathing Zephyrs shou'd fill ev'ry sail,
The God of great Ocean with rapture to hail;
The Tritons conjoin'd to Paens shall sing,
And soft harmony's echo to heav'n take wing.

JAM A

To

To fair Albion a friend, great Jove oft will boast,
 That Liberty's mansion is built on her coast;
 There Freedom and Loyalty smiling approve,
 This toast as then given by almighty Jove
 " May all Nautical sons add virtue to fame,
 " And both may the Sailing Society claim."

A H U N T I N G S O N G.

Tune, "Ye Sportsmen come forth."

AURORA just dawns,
 O'er the fair spreading lawns,

~~The sportsman abroad to invite,~~

The horn's cheerful notes,
 Thro' the air sweetly floats,
 Each huntsman to rouse with delight.

Up the hills now we soar
 New scenes to explore,
 Where joyous the rout we review,
 For swift o'er the grounds
 Puss flies from the hounds,
 But eager the chase we pursue.

In vain then she fled,
 For the hounds doom her dead,
 Lo, fainting she falls and expires:
 Thus happy each day,
 To the woods hark away!
 Our joy by fruition ne'er tires.

To drive away care,
 To the bottle repair,
 With a lass to sweeten our joy;
 To the sportsman drink health,
 With contentment true wealth,
 Those blessings that never can cloy.

N A N T H E B E L L E .

Tune, "*Believe my sighs, my tears.*"

THE fairest maid that decks the plain,
 Is lovely Nan the Belle,
 Her charms enslave each rural swain,
 And do each nymph excel:
 Her gentle breast devoid of guile,
 Bright virtue does revere;
 Sweet innocence beams in her smile,
 She's friendly and sincere.

Her

Her heart can feel for worth distress'd,

And drop the pitying tear ;

And succour merit when oppress'd,

For injur'd worth's her care :

Grant me, oh love, this one request,

To sweeten toilsome life,

'Tis Nan the Belle can make me bless'd,

Then grant her for my wife.

Then all my days serene will glide,

I'll anxious care defy ;

In love's soft mansion to reside,

With peace—with harmony :

Her virtues will insure me bliss,

No pang shall me annoy,

The melting sigh, the balmy kiss,

Add zest to ev'ry joy.

A SOCIAL SONG.

Tune, "Liberty Hall."

COME, genius of Concord, inspire my lay,

Society's charms with ardour display ;

Let friendship and wit make pleasant our wine,

And Cecilia's ardour with friendship combine.

Can

Can love be supported by unsocial souls?
 The fuel of love is Concordia's bowls;
 Smiling cherubs adorn sweet Venus's car,
 And Bacchus' grape—is love's luminous star.

When clouds of sweet incense to heaven take
 wing,
 And the 'Muses conjoin'd with harmony sing;
 Tho' fragrance and music will pleasure afford,
 'Tis Concord alone can make blissful the chord.

This Catch Club is founded on friendship's true
 base,
 And Helicon's font gives to music a grace;
 By confidence rear'd it must permanent stand,
 The fabric be lasting by Harmonia plan'd.

What females of worth but will warmly approve,
 The vot'rys of Bacchus and vot'rys of love?
 True friendship, true wit, and true mirth here shall
 reign,

For Discord's fell torch will harmony bane.

Then fill up a bumper—'tis a gen'rous toast,
 Those truly Convivial make friendship their boast;
 "May Heaven its blessings on this Club bestow,
 "And Concord's firm friends enjoy them below.

HOPE

H O P E, an Elegy.

BRIGHT Hope, happy parent of ease,
 How sweet to a bosom in woe,
 From anguish the heart dost release,
 And bliss in idea bestow.

The lover with sighs bids adieu,
 To her who deserves his fond heart,
 Nought else, cou'd his sorrows subdue,
 But pleasures kind Hope can impart.

The slave, who droops under his toil,
 And inventive cruelty's art,
 At pangs tho' redoubled he'll smile,
 If Hope but possess his chear'd heart.

If thou but his bosom inspire,
 With freedom in fancy he's blest'd ;
 It paints a lov'd wife, or fond fire,
 And home as his haven of rest.

To the soul that's struggling with death,
 How rapt'rous is Hope's pleasing ray,
 Tho' fainting, nay gasping for breath,
 Heav'n's bliss to his soul does convey.

A S O N G.

Tune, " *The sprightly horn.*"

THE rosy morn, unbarr'd the gate,
 To let her lustre shine;
 Whilst Sol's bright car attendant wait,
 With op'ning rays divine.
 Ye huntsmen rouze, for sport prepare,
 The horn now sweetly sounds,
 Whilst Echo gently thro' the air,
 From vale to vale resounds.

With transport now each mounts his steed;
 Sly Reynard's now in view:
 Ambitious all to take the lead,
 With shouts the chace pursue.
 But yonder see, how swift he flies,
 And leaves us far behind—
 But chear the hounds with hunters cries—
 Their speed outstrips the wind.

O'er hill and dale they urge the chace,
 For nought their way impedes;
 And chearful smiles bedeck each face,
 When Reynard fainting bleeds.

What

What else on earth such joy can give ?

What music equals this ?

'Tis thus we jolly huntsmen live,

And what exceeds our bliss ?

L A U R A, an Elegy.

How dismal tolls yon passing bell,

The solemn monitor to all,

That slowly rings poor Laura's knell,

Whose lovely face procur'd her fall.

No fairer maid ere grac'd the plain,

Or sung more happy thro' the grove ;

Her placid temper ne'er gave pain—

Her beaut'ous eyes look'd softest love.

Her auburn locks in ringlets stray'd,

Upon her lovely snow white breast,

And laughing Cupids round her play'd,

Th' unwary gazer to arrest.

She harmless rov'd thro' Avon's vale,
 'Till Damon strove her love to gain;
 His perjur'd tongue, with artful tale,
 Did Laura's peerless virtue stain.

With sacred vows of lasting truth,
 With oaths of love that ne'er shou'd end,
 He took advantage of her youth,
 And ruin'd her he shou'd defend.

The nymphs and swains soon knew her shame,
 For he was faithless—he was vile—
 In vain she beg'd he'd salve her fame—
 At her soft tears he'd only smile.

By all deserted, Laura rov'd,
 She had no friend to sooth her mind,
 Her dog alone his mistress lov'd,
 For he was faithful—she was kind.

From morn to eve, she roam'd insane,
 And warbled sweet distracted lays—
 Then madly fled across the plain,
 To where sweet Avon's river strays.

Then

Then headlong plung'd the lovely fair,
 And instant sunk beneath the wave:—
 Thus fell a victim to despair,
 An early inmate of the grave.

The nymphs and swains too late lament,
 The lovely Laura's hapless fate—
 Her fate did Damon's heart torment,
 And shoals of furies round him wait.

And is she gone?—my Laura fled?
 The loveliest maid that grac'd the mead!
 Nay stay!—for hov'ring o'er my head,
 The fiends applaud the cursed deed.

I come—I come—my Laura dear!
 With anguish madd'ning, Damon cry'd—
 He beat his breast—he tore his hair—
 His heart strings broke—he fell, and dy'd.

A S O N G.
 Tune, "*On Tays green banks.*"

DOWN by sweet Avon's winding stream,
 The fanning breeze my plaints shall bear;
 A cruel fair's the grating theme!
 Oh, whisper softness in her ear.

Oh! why Zelinda, frowning maid,
 Why treat my passion with disdain?
 My heart sincere to thee's display'd,
 Then look with pity on my pain.

A form so fair might well deceive,
 And captives make of all mankind;
 For who on earth cou'd e'er believe
 Her heart so cold—so harsh her mind?
 Then, dear Zelinda, now adieu!
 Farewell! farewell! I hopeless cry—
 No distant ray of hope I view—
 In some dank cave I'll silent die.

A HUNTING SONG.

Tune, "*From the East.*"

IN the morning with hounds,
 How we fly o'er the grounds,
 With horses as fleet as the wind;
 When Reynard's in view,
 We all eager pursue,
 No real huntsman will then lag behind.

Up the hill, down the dale,
 And high mountains we scale,
 Rocks, nor rivers, our way can impede;
 Hark! each valley resounds,
 With the cry of the hounds,
 Inspiring the sportsman and steed.

Lo! how joyful each face,
 With the hounds in full chace,
 Ev'ry bosom with rapture is fill'd:
 In such scenes of delight,
 Health and mirth both unite,
 And content crowns the sports of the field.

Quit the town and its noise,
 Here we offer true joys,
 Social friendship enlivens our plan;
 For old time as he pass,
 We will coax with a glass,
 Let him injure us then if he can.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

TO soothing strains attune my lyre,
 Harmonic sounds my soul inspire;
 Phœbus bestow thy pow'r divine,
 And concord bless the bright design,

What

What forms an Eden here below?
 But friendship, balm for ev'ry woe!
 When all thy blisful joys combine,
 No star malignant then can shine.

When ere I am by care oppress'd,
 And seek in vain a port to rest;
 When adverse storms look louring round,
 They vanish when a friend is found.

'Tis then he'll kindly show his zeal,
 Soft'ning the pangs that mis'ry feel;
 Of all my woes will bear a part,
 And sweetly ease the burthen'd heart.

No sigh escapes his piercing eye,
 But quick he'll comfort's balm apply;
 No smile can play about the face,
 But half the joy you'll instant trace.

Friendship's a passion quite serene,
 That points the happy golden mean;
 When rapid joy o'erwhelms the soul,
 It then the torrent can controul.

Let

Let placid joys my time beguile,
 And friendship soft benignant smile!
 With harmless mirth I'll care disdain,
 And tranquil bliss triumphant reign.

A S O N G.
 Tune, "Jove in his Chair."

SEE in the chair,
 A worthy appear,
 Who like we,
 Loves true glee,
 Mirth and song.

Here invites
 True delights,
 Friendly joys,
 Never cloy,
 And all to us belong.

Come then and bring,
 The lyre's warbling string,

Hail the day!

Tribute pay

To the Chair.

Hence

Hence begone,
 Envy's frown,
 Gay are we,
 Blithe and free,
 Happy souls,
 Over bowls,
 Exile care.

Here hateful strife,
 Ne'er sours our life,
 For mirth alone lives here.

A S O N G.

Tune, "Rule Britannia."

YE Britons! rouse your warlike fire,
 To deeds of glory lead the way,
 Let martial warmth each breast inspire,
 Perfidious Gallia to dismay.

*Ye British Heroes, with courage now advance,
 Subdue the pride and pow'r of France.*

No longer sea-girt Albion bear
Vile insults from proud Gallic slaves;
Let vengeance strike their souls with fears—
Reign ever sov'reign of the waves.

Ye British Heroes, &c.

Ye British maids, with beauty bless'd,
Let patriot virtues claim your hand;
Be only by the brave address'd,
And be the saviours of your land.

Ye British Heroes, &c.

United stand, ye Britons all,
Let valor in your bosoms glow—
Arouze! 'tis honor's loudest call,
To hurl dread vengeance on the foe.

Ye British Heroes, &c.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

YE true hearty souls
Who enjoy o'er your bowls,
Real pleasure divested of pain;
Where Mirth does preside,
Grave Care to deride,
And Friendship sincere ever reign,

I Al-

I Albion's revere,
Believe them sincere,
'Tis an order entitled to fame;
But this I declare,
It to me does appear,
Convivials much honor can claim.

They virtue approve,
Real honor they love,
Great merit the order can boast;
They malice detest;
A friend's their request,
For a "bottle and friend" is their toast.

Ye worthies prepare,
Our pleasures to share,
A good soul we ever admit;
Here reigns solid joy,
Without an alloy,
Sweet friendship cemented by wit.

My friends look around
Does liquor abound?

Each

Each feize then his tankard or glafs;
May each member be
Right worthy and free,
Content to enjoy with his lafs.

A S O N G,

On a NOBLE PRIVATEER,

(Built from an excellent Model) that fail'd out of BRISTOL,
on the 26th *August*, 1779;

Capt. CHILCOTT, COMMANDER.

NO longer delay ye bold British Tars,
But enter with speed the privateer MARS,
The commander brave CHILCOTT, will steer ye
the way,
Where fortune your courage shall amply repay.
Derry down, down, &c.

'Tis ye are the men who Britain defends,
Old England's true sons, their country's real
friends;
Our dastardly foes, the sons of proud France,
Will tremble with terror when ye shall advance.
Derry down, &c.

Oh

Oh haste then aboard our stout privateer,
 And seize Spanish gold, with a loud British cheer;
 If they strike not at once, we prepare for the fight,
 For the treasure of Spaniards is Englishmen's right.

Derry down, &c.

Our broadsides we'll fire with excellent skill,
 For Britons will fight, and will conquer them still;
 The flag of Great Britain shall still ride the waves,
 And Liberty's sons, vanquish dastardly slaves.

Derry down, &c.

Then home jolly Tars our treasure we'll bring,
 With glory well earn'd we'll happily sing:
 On our sweethearts and wives we'll our rhino
 bestow,
 For bless'd in their arms real pleasure we know.

Derry down, &c.

Then hasten ye worthies, ye true hearts of steel,
 Let the foes of Old England your vengeance now
 feel;

'Tis CHILCOTT invites, and the MARS waits
 your aid,
 Aboard the brave MARS be your valor display'd.

Derry down, &c.

An

An ELEGY,

On the loss of the M-A-R-S Privateer of BRISTOL,

Capt. CHILCOTT, COMMANDER.

WITH joyful hopes, with hearts elate,
Brave CHILCOTT, and his vet'ran crew,
Ne'er thought of dangers that await,
When glory's cause they had in view.

Old England's foes they fought to meet,
With bosoms firm, devoid of fear;
Nor cou'd suppose they ne'er shou'd greet
Again with those, they held so dear.

Oh BRISTOL, weep for worthies gone,
Who once did honour to thy name;
Whose gen'rous worth when living shone,
And added lustre to thy fame.

And wilt thou now thy sons consign
To dark oblivion's nightly shade?
With oaken boughs, the bays entwine,
For civic crowns that ne'er shall fade.

Next

Next COMMERCE too that bounteous maid,
 Will heave a sigh, and drop the tear—
 'Tis loss of wealth——'tis loss of trade—
 When Fate his standard waves in air.

What tongue shall tell the list'ning ear?

What form approach the pensive eye?

Who can the tale of sorrow bear,

And force the widow's mournful sigh?

Alas, no tongue can tell the tale—

Not one shall e'er again return—

Some funken rock—or stubborn gale—

The oozy deep their watry urn!

No solemn requiem grac'd their clay—

No mournful dirge sung peace and rest—

No child cou'd there his duty pay—

No wife to clasp him to her breast.—

AN UNION SONG.

Tune, " *On the white cliffs of Albion.*"

FROM Olympus, great Jove, sent to each God
 around,

And Mercury quickly the deities found;

And

And told them to Jove they must instant repair,
For business of moment requir'd them there.

When in Synod assembled, Jove told them the
cause,

" That Freedom's weak children had broke all her
laws ;

" In England I'd fix'd her, for ever to dwell,

" To brighten the land, and Corruption expel.

" But Britain misled, and by Discord inspir'd,

" By Cruelty guided, and Tyranny fir'd,

" With chains forg'd by Folly, she sought to enslave;

" The best of her sons, who are free as they're brave.

" Such ingrates" said Jove " no kindness deserve,

" 'Twere weak to grant blessings, they will not
preserve ;

" To climes much more grateful shall Freedom re-

pair,

" And doom steril Britain, to Slav'ry and Care."

Minerva then rose, to her father drew near,
And Mercy and Justice attended her there ;

" Oh forgive the vile mass, for the real virtuous few,

" Who to Freedom adhere—to her tenets are true.

" From Britain this day I fair tidings receiv'd,
 " That Honor had whisper'd them—*be not deceiv'd,*
 " Arouz'd by the hint, the Whigs did agree,
 " Not longer to live, unless to be free.

" A band had come forward to Freedom still true,
 " And hop'd that great Jove wou'd her charter
 " renew,
 " For England's fair Genius, had Concord inspir'd,
 " And selected the UNIONS, by Liberty fir'd."

Great Jove with a smile approv'd the request,
 And call'd them *his* sons—they were Freedom's
 confess'd,
 " Let Whigs guide the helm, and o'er Britain
 preside,
 " With Liberty blest'd, she her foes may deride.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

RECITATIVE.

OH mighty Jove, from thy imperial throne,
 To favor'd earth this kind behest make known;
 Indulge us mortals, thy peculiar care,
 To taste those joys, that Gods convivial share:

My

My request is heard, and great Jove's reply,
In gentlest thunder murmurs thro' the sky.

A I R.

Ye favor'd men, hear this decree,
In friendship's bands united be,
That passion most divine ;
Let social joys here shine alone,
All virtues be compriz'd in one,
And wit with mirth combine.

Your worth shall age and youth admire,
And sigh for your celestial fire,
And never dying name ;
Your first great boast is acting well—
In deeds of virtue to excel
Shall be Convivial's fame.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

Tune, "*The Finale to the Duenna.*"

WITH joy I view ye round,
Let happiness abound,
Be blithe, be free,
And sing with glee,
That Laughter here is crown'd ;

E

For

For Laughter, jocund boy,
With wit can never cloy :

To us belong,
Both mirth and song,

Enhancing present joy:

The pleasures here that reign,
Not Monarchs can obtain,

For abject knaves,
And servile slaves,

Encircle them with pain :

I from my soul declare,

I wish we had them here,

Their crowns and state

They soon wou'd hate,

And stay with us from care.

Grave Stoics may deride,

With philosophic pride,

The flowing bowls,

And jolly souls,

That here with mirth reside :

But tell each rev'rend sage,

We can with truth presage,

They'll reason fair,

And see more clear,

If they'll with us engage,

A NEW

A N E W S O N G.

Written for the Anniversary of the Apprentic'd COOPERS
walking with the PARAPHERNALIA of their Trade.

Tune, "Hearts of Oak."

BROTHER Coopers advance, hail the annual
day,

When we, link'd by friendship, our banners display;
When mirth crowns each hour and our spirits elate,
We wou'd rather be jolly, be social, than great.

Be gen'rous and free, be open and plain,

For friendship be ready,—be hearty and steady,

Real worth to assist, and knav'ry disdain.

Now marshall'd in order, the pike leads the way,
To each worthy master due tribute we pay;
That man who'd restrain, or prevent harmless joy,
Is a foe to the trade, and wou'd merit destroy.

Be gen'rous and free, &c.

Then you who'd excel to our standard repair,
Sons of labour shall only among us appear;
Our emblems of trade, honest industry show,
And health and content our labors bestow.

Be gen'rous and free, &c.

My lads charge your bumpers—nay, up to the brim,
 Our Captain deserves it, then drink now to him,—
 For our credit he's anxious, and pleas'd with our
 fame,

Then Huzza for our Captain, and honor his name.

Be gen'rous and free, &c.

Charge your glasses again, for Old England's the
 toast,

The first of all Isles, and glory's proud boast ;

With voices united let's chearfully sing,

Success to our trade, and God save the King.

Be gen'rous and free, &c.

AN O D E,

On Lord Rodney, and the decisive Naval Victory on the
 12th of April, 1782.

WHEN France and Spain their forces join'd,
 The western world to gain ;
 And Mars' red flag wav'd in the wind,
 With horror in his train :
 Before the winds they bent their course,
 Resolv'd to crush the British force.

The

The Gallic HERO warm'd by fame;
 Did honor to his land,
 He fought a wreath from RODNEY's name,
 That shou'd for ages stand;
 He fought to meet a worthy foe,
 And in bold combat—valor shew.

The British fleet, by RODNEY led,
 O'er swelling billows sweep;
 And Pallas sage, the canvas sped,
 With grandeur o'er the deep:
 Brave HOOD and AFFLECK burn'd to see,
 The daring foe ride on the sea.

Let foaming surges spread around,
 The daring acts of war,
 Let craggy rocks, and shores rebound,
 And zephyrs waft them far.
 With shouts the seamen rend the sky,
 And DRAKE's and DOUGLAS' hearts beat high.

When both the fleets appear'd in view,
 And form'd the naval line;
 Then martial thunder warm'd each crew,
 And echo'd o'er the main;

Mad Ætna's horrors, glowing red,
By FRANCE and ALBION were display'd.

The CANADA, the black and dire,
CORNWALLIS did command,
And with a furious, vengeful ire,
Seiz'd terror's flaming brand ;
Revenge advance, fly hence pale Fear,
And for my Brother—Gallia scare

To MANNERS brave, of mind serene,
The muse must drop a tear ;
And sigh for BLAIR, whose gentle mien
All ALBION's sons revere :
Those heroes shine as stars on high,
Who bravely fight—who nobly die.

The BARFLEUR nobly urg'd the fight,
And spread her terrors wide :
Th' OCEAN and NAMUR unite,
To stain with gore the tide :
With valor RODNEY broke the line,
And GLORY now with ALBION shine.

To

TO RODNEY now, DE GRASSE must yield,

And own the victor's sway ;

That RODNEY is his country's shield—

That HOOD's the sword t'o obey.—

When crimson gore distains the main,

May Albion's sons triumphant reign.

Let Britons now their conduct praise,

Whose worth stands high in fame,

Who twin'd the laurel with the bays,

And rais'd fair Albion's name ;

Whose deeds will dare e'en Time's old hand,

Whose virtues will for ever stand.

A MASONIC SONG,

Address'd to the BRISTOL ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER,

Tune, "*The Albion Song.*"

THE temple divine by three masters was rear'd

And skilful proportion with grandeur appear'd ;

From the sanctum sanctorum did their pray'rs

ascend,

And strength and establishment the porch did defend :

When the sojourning Jews return'd to their land ;

A second they rais'd by JEHOVAH's command.

Three

Three steps that are perfect and purely divine,
 Must first be work'd true by the level and line ;
 To caverns of darkness must chearful descend,
 When the stone is remov'd that is fixed to defend,
 Must wander forlorn thro' each darksome abode,
 'Till the sun's chearing rays shew the light of
 a GOD.

The plate of pure gold shews the mystic design,
 And THREE truly can solve the tablet divine ;
 In the beginning 'twas known, and never can end—
 This humbly you learn from a Monarch your
 friend :

In return you with labor your duty repay,
 With tool or with sword his commands must obey.

The records all safe, and secur'd the bless'd scroll.
 The secret divine will expand the wrapt soul ;
 You'll there find sweet FRIENDSHIP, with TRUTH
 and RELIEF,
 Which is the firm creed of a Mason's belief ;
 Ne'er swerve, and then VIRTUE, if banish'd the
 land,

In our bosoms will live, and be our real GRAND.

THE SONS OF HARMONY.

Tune, "*Once the Gods of the Greeks.*"

HAIL Harmony's Sons, whose hearts know no
guile,

Whose honor and worth is my theme ;
In whose bosoms true friendship and joy ever smile,
Who music and humor esteem :
The smiles of the fair give a zest to their joy,
A joy that nought else can impart ;
Those smiles to deserve do their hours employ,
And to win with affection the heart.

The union of Harmony, Concord and Love,
Must exquisite pleasure diffuse,
Again the Gold Age, to earth 'twill remove :
Who then can the blessing refuse ?
The Gods from Olympus will chearful descend,
Sweet Harmony's mirth to enjoy,
Apollo, our chairman, to music a friend,
His compeer—the ruddy fac'd boy.

The Graces likewise, with the Muses will rove,
Nor will Pallas disdain to appear ;
Fair Venus will leave the sweet Paphian grove,
And Momus with humor will cheer :

With

With mortals so worthy, and Gods so divine,
 No cessation of wit shall be known;
 All that's happy and joyous, shall truly combine,
 And Concord with eclat be shown.

THE SORDID FAIR.

Tune, "*Sweet Poll of Plymouth.*"

FAREWELL, farewell—deceitful fair!

Thou tyrant of my soul;
 Thy scorn at length has brought despair,
 My wishes to controul:
 Far distant now the swelling main,
 Shall bear my love-lorn heart—
 And on some sandy, desert plain,
 Be safe from female art.

Not rocks, nor waves, nor blowing storms,
 Can my firm purpose shake;
 Old Ocean's bed, that wind deforms,
 From me example take:
 For once my heart was calm and bless'd,
 I then no sorrow knew,
 Till fortune with an envious blast,
 My hopes of bliss o'erthrew.

Once

Once more farewell, ungrateful maid,
 I'll give thee back thy vows;
 My rival's wealth will thee persuade,
 To be his titled spouse.
 But ah, his heart, was ne'er like mine,
 So tender and so true;
 And that his love mayn't injure thine
 I bid a last adieu.

ANNA OF THE DALE.

Tune, "*Jenny of the Green.*"

THE verdant plain, the flow'ry mead,
 Shall hail the tuneful shepherd's reed,
 And echo swell the gale,
 That wafts afar my charmer's praise,
 In rustic notes, and artless lays,
 My Anna of the dale.

How sweet my Anna trips the plain,
 When dancing to some rustic strain,
 True harmless mirth to hail:
 Or when she charms sweet Echo's voice,
 And hills and plains, and groves rejoice,
 With Anna of the dale.

The

The swains admire my Anna's grace,
Her lively wit, and lovely face,

• And, sighing, breathe love's tale;
But Colin's vows and honest truth,
Distinguish'd soon the fay'rite youth,
Of Anna of the Dale.

Now sweet content pervades their cot,
And each approve their happy lot,

Which time shall ne'er assail;
For Colin does each rising morn, A N N A
E'en bless the hour that he was born,
For Anna of the Dale.

A N A D D R E S S T O W A R.

FLY, roseate Plenty, child of Peace,
To distant regions banish'd fly;
Let mirthful reed and tabor cease,
And jocund rites and revelry.

Now trumpets loudly sound to arms,
And harshly exiles meek-ey'd Peace;
Loud cannons thunder dread alarms,
And horrid carnage now increase.

Oh God of War, in Britain's cause,
 Array'd in terror now advance;
 Revenge her wrongs, fight for her laws,
 Defeat perfidious Spain and France.

Stand forth agreed, ye patriot band,
 And rous'd repel each foreign blow;
 Let valor shine throughout the land,
 And courage now with ardor glow.
 No more shall foes insidious dare,
 Insult fam'd Briton's chalky shore:
 For laurel wreaths, lo, Britons wear,
 And Gallia, sad, her sons deplore.

See Britons now, all blushing bright,
 Bedeck'd with honor's glowing spoils;
 Her sons at home with warmth unite,
 And, shouting loud, repay their toils.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

Tune, "Come now all ye social powers."

WITH joy appear ye worthy hearts,
 Who love your King and land,
 With firmness punish Gallic arts,
 Advance with sword in hand.

Revive

Revive the Britons ancient name,

With ardor arm'd appear,

Hark ! loudly sounds the trump of Fame.

To rouse the Volunteer.

Shou'd dastard foes our shores invade,

We'll meet them boys with fire ;

Our cannons' music loudly play'd,

Will British souls inspire.

Revive, &c.

See Britain's Genius rapt'rous smile,

Her glowing sons to view ;

Whilst chearful shouts throughout the isle,

Says vict'ry must ensue.

Revive, &c.

The martial bands with spirit vie,

Who best their King can serve,

And Volunteers, see fearless fly,

Their country to preserve.

Revive, &c.

Intrepid Britons now advance,

Fight for the British fair ;

And laurels gain from haughty France,

To deck each Volunteer.

Revive, &c.

CURI.

C U R I O S I T Y,

A N

Irregular O D E.

HAIL, deity, whose influence is strong,
 Whose precepts actuate the motley throng;
 E'en haughty Kings, are servile slaves to thee,
 And pow'r and pomp, will abject bend the knee:
 Now, warm my lay, to pour in strains sublime,
 How Commerce first explor'd each foreign clime.
 Awake the lute, and sound the lyre,
 Let Pan, harmonious lays inspire;
 Let groves with softness grace the lay,
 And, make thee, Goddess, Queen of Day.

The sylvan Gods thy reign adore,
 And Dian's nymphs approve thy pow'r;
 Olympian heights yield to thy sway,
 And realms infernal, thee obey.
 Thou can'st impel the wand'ring mind,
 To rove thro' nature unconfin'd,
 To ken the worlds that grace the sky,
 And trace their way with prying eye:
 This, this to thee we owe, sweet deity,

By thee impell'd, that ancient Greek,
 Who first advent'rous left the strand
 With Argo's spreading sails, to seek
 The golden fleece, in Colchian land:

Thus, he, intrepid, sallied forth,
 New climes, new regions to explore;

His great attempt—his daring, worth—

Succeeding ages still adore:

Not Jason more,

Cou'd higher soar,

When, o'er the azure deep he stray'd,

O'er ocean wide,

Without a guide,

His dauntless courage he display'd.

But, bold Columbus, Europe's boast and pride!
 With courage firm, did common fear deride,
 Thou, Goddess, warm'd his strong and full-glob'd
 mind,

New shores to seek, and worlds unknown to find.—

But Albion, weak, refus'd the proffer'd boon,

And, left to Spain, the rich Peruvian throne;

Thou, Goddess, pointed out the trackless way,

Where gold by nature's sons unnotic'd lay.

Oh,

Oh, Plutus, god of sordid wealth,
Thou foe to friendship—foe to health!
Still haggard cares thy steps attend,
And vice, to thee will always bend:
Gold is the source of ev'ry woe,
The bane of virtue here below,
That forms that passion of the mind,
Makes vice impotent—judgment blind,
And e'en while living, justly damns mankind.

Is there a crime to avarice unknown?—
Cruelty and Rapine support her throne;
Alecto, waves her bloody flag on high,
And Discord's torch, spreads horror thro' the sky;
But when with vivid lightning, thunders roll,
And steady Justice reads the awful scroll,
Appall'd, the murd'rer sinks to endless night,
And vengeance does the hapless Inca right.

To different scenes now Goddess lead,
The frosty isle, or verdant mead,
And vary nature still:
Humanity shall point the way,
And shame the Spaniards' bloody sway,
Who crimson'd ev'ry rill.

The mighty trump of glorious fame,
Shall celebrate the hero's name,
The honor of our land;
Who thrice this globe encircled round,
And distant realms undaunted found,
With Britain's vent'rous band.

Thro' pathless tracks, new shores to find,
And with such knowledge blest mankind,
As thou sweet Goddess taught;
Kamschatka's wild and dreary coast,
By nature bound in chains of frost,
Brave COOKE, with ardor sought.
His country's good, fair Albion's fame,
Warm'd in his breast a gen'rous flame,
That fear nor danger awes;
To natives wild, was good, was great,
With fortitude he smil'd at fate,
And fell by savage laws.

So foaming surges lash the shore,
And warring winds tempestuous roar;
When whit'ning surf rolls o'er the strand,
Billows and winds commix with sand:

So mounting waves assail the sky,
 And dare attack the Gods on high,
 And threaten devastation round,
 With light'ning's glare and thunder's sound:

In crowds around, see natives swarm,
 With visage fell—with desp'rate ire—

And spread far wide the dire alarm,
 And furious 'gainst our COOKE conspire;
 The torrent roll'd impetuous on,

With hideous yells and scaring cries,
 On ev'ry face foul discord shone,
 And on the sand our martyr dies.

His spirit fled to realms above,
 The seat of bliss!—the seat of love!
 In vain shall CLERKE and KING now mourn,
 O'er mangled COOKE's but half-fill'd urn;
 In vain with tears of rending grief
 Lament their skilful, well-lov'd chief;
 Long, long shall Albion's sons deplore,
 Their hero gone—their chief no more.

To thee great Goddess, trade must bend,
 Idea's form—the artist's friend—

No science known amongst mankind,
 But thy fair traits, we amply find
 On Albion's white and rocky isle,
 With kindness, still, benignly smile;
 Irradiate great GEORGE's throne,
 And bliss and glory make his own.

THE SONS OF UNION.

Tune, "*The Mulberry Tree.*"

SONS of Freedom attend, to your country be just,
 Her honor is your's—so be firm to your trust:—
 Lo, Union's fair standard, now flying on high,
 The landmark of Hope, where freemen shou'd fly.

'Tis Liberty's firm sons I hail!

By Jove's command,

To bless this land,

Bright Union rose,

To rout the foes

Who dar'd fair Freedom's laws assail.

The Genius of England no longer shall mourn,
 And languidly sigh for Freedom's return;
 To her favorite Isle she speeds back again,
 For the Union has sever'd Corruption's foul chain.

'Tis Liberty's &c.

The old noble spirit of Britons here reign,
 Our laws to defend, and our rights to maintain;
 Like the Barons of yore, whom John would en-
 thrall,
 As freemen we'll live—or like freemen we'll fall.
'Tis Liberty's &c.

May the Union's firm spirit each bosom pervade,
 Give strength to our arms, and support to our
 trade;
 To allay the vile feuds that endanger the isle,
 And the blessings restore that with Peace ever smile.
'Tis Liberty's &c.

Anacreon and *Comus* call their orders divine,
 Whose divinity's prop'd by the juice of the vine;
 But we soar superior, to virtue inclin'd,
 The Unions appear for the good of mankind.

'Tis Liberty's firm sons I hail!

By Jove's command,

To bless this land,

Bright Union rose,

To rout the foes

Who dar'd fair Freedom's laws assail.

The

THE ORIGIN OF CONVIVIALS,

Tune, "*Push about the brist,*"

APOLLO and Bacchus one day were debating,

What blessing on man to bestow;

When gay Venus slept up—"What means this

"grave prating,

"The subject I'll instantly know?"

Why sister, says Bacchus, (the rosy-fac'd boy)

We've receiv'd a petition from earth,

And this they request—that nought may annoy

The vot'rys of friendship and mirth.

We'll assent to their boon, said Apollo divine,

The order we all must approve;

I'll harmony grant, to give zest to their wine;

What says the fair Goddess of Love?

This favor, says Venus, I'll bestow on such merit,

Bright beauty their worth shall admire;

Shall be fond of their fame, be pleas'd with their spirit,

And bless them with Love's lambent fire.

Bravo, says Bacchus, sweet Queen of Delight,

I'll thank thee in a goblet of wine;

In this order—wit, women and music unite,

And reign with pleasure divine.

Let

Let the toast now fly rapid, and all happy be,
 Here Friendship and Mirth shall preside;
 Convivials will drink, will be jovial and free,
 And musty old Cynics deride.

A SALAMANDER SONG:

A CLUB so called, in Commemoration of the brave
 General ELLIOTT, at the GEORGE, in *Wine-Street*, insti-
 tuted by Messrs. SHIPWAY and SLATER.

Tune, "*Liberty Hall.*"

COME, come, my good friends, now a subject
 I'll start,

I'll sing of you all, which all take in good part;
 Yet, surely, you'd deem me a cynical elf,
 If I sung of you all, not to sing of myself.

But, joking apart, when I speak of his fame,
 Whose valorous conduct gave this Club a name,
 Ye true Britons join me to bumper the toast,
 'Tis to ELLIOTT, who shook Iberia's proud coast.

When coop'd in a Rock, by land and by sea,
 Brave ELLIOTT convinc'd the proud Dons he was
 free;

E'en

E'en Blood-royal Peers no respect could inspire,
From his furnace he gave them a true British fire.

Their proud floating batt'ries aim'd a great
stroke,

'Till ELLIOTT's red balls made serious the joke;
His thund'ring cannon was each pointed well,
And sounded thro' Spain their country's sad knell.

Two worthies, likewise, demand my weak lay,
And BOYD and brave CURTIS, two Britons are
they ;

On Gib. too, they fix'd their memento of fame,
With "*the Cock in the Rock's*" invincible name.

Appall'd, e'en the Gods view'd his courage and
fire,

And the Spaniards declar'd—the Devil his Sire,
For none sure, like ELLIOTT, could else live in
flame,

Old Gib. make a hell—SALAMANDER his name.

Such honor, such worth as then was made known,
The trumpet of Fame has advanc'd to Jove's
throne ;

Then *Shipway* and *Slater* a meeting form'd here,
And long at the GEORGE may it friendly appear.

In

In rememb'rance, my friends, of this hero's
 bold deeds,
 Whose conduct and fire ancient worthies' exceeds ;
 In this social meeting, he our patron we call,
 And name his bold sons—SALAMANDERS all

This pleasant snug room, where we sing and we
 smoke,
 Suppose I should liken to Gib.'s famous Rock,
 Then each charge a glass, for the CHAIRMAN I
 call,
 Our chief SALAMANDER—and this too our hall.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

Tune, "*The Finale to the Duenna.*"

YE sons of mirth be gay,
 Now banish care away,
 With sport and glee,
 Be blithe and free,
 And welcome revelry !
 True friendship here you'll find,
 Convivials hearts are kind,
 Our friendly joy
 Can never cloy,
 Nor envy us annoy.

Then

Then haste ye social souls,
Partake of freedom's bowls,
For we desire
Joy to inspire
And heighten attic fire;
For wit and song here deign
With jollity to reign,
Then none can be
So blest d as we,
Convivial souls agree.

How friendly, gay and free
Is our society,

Where song presides,
And joy resides,
And Wit old Care derides:
Old bards in future days,
Shall sing Convivial's praise,
The matchless fame
Their merits claim,
And never-dying name,

A N E W S O N G

IN lovely Phœbe's charming face,
 What beauties ever smile;
 How sweet is ev'ry blooming grace,
 She knows not ought of guile.
 When my lov'd Phœbe's finging near,
 My heart is blithe and gay,
 And the soft moments then appear
 To fly too swift away.

Oh, lovely Phœbe, hope impart,
 My passion but approve;
 With pleasure fill my throbbing heart,
 By soft return of love.

A N O D E,

ON GENERAL WOLFE

ON the plains of Qubec, the genius of war,
 His standard had fix'd, and unfurl'd;
 There heroes 'gainst heroes their ensigns now rear,
 And cannon to shake the new world:

There

There Albion and Gallia in dreadful array,
 Must for glory and conquest contend;
 And the trumpet of Fame shall loudly display,
 The soldier, the patriot and friend.

As the armies drew up, great Jove on his throne,
 To the Gods who stood round him declar'd,
 That valour and conduct would greatly be shewn—
 Yet the conqueror cou'd not be spar'd.
 Then Fate uprear'd his gold balance on high,
 A silence thro' heaven then reign'd!

Gallia's scale flew up—but each God gave a sigh,
 That the vict'ry so hardly was gain'd.

Then Jove instant sent his messenger down,
 To Elysium brave WOLFE to convey;

To the Spartan* and heroes of ancient renown—
 But WOLFE crav'd some moments delay;

For my country's weal let me conquest but bear,
 Jove's mandate I'll instant obey:
 When Albion's loud shouts had attun'd his faint ear,
 Zephyrs then bore his spirit away.

* LEONIDAS.

With

With cypress the sword and spear now entwine,
 Reverse all the symbols of war;
 Let Sorrow appear, with Virtue combine,
 Lamenting the fall of a star:
 The warriors mourn for the chief of their band,
 A langour the whole does pervade;
 Resentment itself is now at a stand,
 Nor calls to avenge his bless'd shade.

NEW LIBERTY HALL.

Tune, "*Liberty Hall.*"

YE lovers of freedom, her friends now attend,
 Who'd bleed at each vein her rights to defend;
 Ye Britons arouse at Freedom's loud call,
 And hasten to meet her in Liberty Hall,

That structure so famous is Britain's great boast,
 It inspires us with ardor, and guards our fair coast;
 The name of the mansion invigorates all,
 And Britons are heroes from Liberty Hall.

When glorious King William from Holland
 came o'er,
 And drove papal tyranny from Britain's shore,

Belov'd, then, he'd reign in the hearts of us all,
Nay more, shou'd be king e'en of Liberty Hall.

Come on then ye fleets of France and of Spain,
For Britons united your power disdain ;
We'll drive ye, poltroons, then cheer my lads all,
For country and King—ay and Liberty Hall.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

Written for the Anniversary Meeting of that Society.

Tune, " Come now all ye social,"

HASTEN here true worthy souls,

To hail the festive day,
Come partake our flowing bowls,
Convivial joys display.

Auspicious day be ever blest'd,

May Fortune smile on thee,

Ever shall it stand confess'd,

Our day of Jubilee.

Laurel wreaths our goblets crown,

And bays our brows entwine ;

In chorus sing the great renown

Of Friendship, Love and Wine!

Auspicious, &c.

G

Comus

Comus here shall reign this night,
 With Bacchanalian glee;
 Blithsome joy and gay delight,
 With song united be.

Auspicious, &c.

Convivials' fame shall brightly shine,
 Not time shall damp their fire;
 Honor and worth their souls refine,
 To virtue they aspire.

Auspicious, &c.

EDWARD AND STELLA,
 AN ELEGY.

IN yon sequester'd, lonely grove,
 There dwells the Hermit of the Vale,
 Whose artless tale of hapless love,
 Is breath'd in sighs to ev'ry gale.

In early youth, when fortune gay,
 Upon his ev'ry prospect smil'd,
 At tournament he bore away
 The envy'd prize in ev'ry field.

Young

Young Edward claim'd not large domains,
 Nor titled name—or boasted wealth—
 But virtuous valor never stains—
 This Edward had, with ruddy health.

His graceful mein, and courteous mind,
 Won ev'ry heart, and ev'ry eye;
 And Stella long the flame confin'd—
 In secret only breath'd a sigh.

A haughty Lord was Stella's fire,
 Whose breast no tender thought e'er knew;
 Who fond of pride and vengeful ire,
 Was obdurate and cruel too.

The youthful lovers often met,
 Hid from the world their mutual flame;
 The lovely pair in gentle chat,
 Of Venus did protection claim.

The mid of night and Luna fair,
 Oft view'd them 'neath the spreading oak,
 Sweet Innocence in white was there,
 And sigh'd at the impending stroke.

Full oft they press with trembling joy,
As oft reluctantly they part—
But this sad night did quite destroy
Hope's ray in each enamour'd heart.

The moon with bloody brightness clad,
Thro' waving trees with horror gleam'd,
The whistling winds rose sudden mad,
And livid light'nings rapid stream'd.

The tempests howl'd, and caverns wild
Re-echo'd back the horrid sound;—
Yet Orgar's voice alarm'd his child,
More than fell wolves that prowld around.

“ Oh fly my love! my Edward fly!
“ Avoid Lord Orgar's frantic rage.”
One short embrace—one tender sigh—
A bursting tear did woe preface.

Young Edward fled and gain'd his home,
And left poor Stella to her fire,
Who madly cry'd, “ Is't thus you roam?
“ I'll drain thy heart of fond desire.”

Mad Orgar now to nature blind,
 His glitt'ring faulchion, direful drew—
 Dæmons from hell rag'd unconfin'd,
 When Orgar thus his Stella flew.
 Appall'd the father view'd the deed,
 And torpid hung o'er Stella's clay—
 When conscience doom'd the fire to bleed,
 Upon the glebe where Stella lay.
 Beneath the oak, upon the spot,
 Now Edward sighs for Stella's fate
 And lonely in his mournful cot,
 He wafts his pray'rs to heaven's gate.
 On earth forbid those joys to taste,
 Which happy lovers only know,
 All his sad hours in anguish waste,
 Nor ought of blifs can feel below.

A N E L E G I A C O D E ,

On the loss of the CENTAUR, Captain INGLEFIELD.

WHEN shines bright Sol's refulgent ray,
 And summer's blifs looks lovely round;
 When roses smile, and lillies gay,
 Are with fair tints and fragrance crown'd.

When odours sweet glide thro' the dale,
 And Nature's charms appear with joy;
 A louring cloud—a sudden gale—
 The varied beauties may destroy.

So after vict'ry, glowing red,
 Were Albion's sons with joy elate;
 Bellona and her train were fled,
 And happy tars then smil'd at fate.

Æolus swell'd, with envy fraught,
 Distended wide his brazen chest,
 The foaming main by him was taught,
 Th' exulting victors to arrest.

The scatter'd fleet by waves are tost,
 And storms and tempests loudly pour;
 The finny tribe—the scaly host—
 Alarm'd their varied fates deplore.

Blue light'nings hiss along the main,
 And thunder loud impetuous rolls;
 Nereids and Tritons all complain,
 When anarchy the sea controuls.

Then

Then Inglefield, with mind serene,
 Did British fortitude display,
 And view'd the horrid, turbid scene,
 Without alarm—without dismay;

Thy noble ship, once Britain's pride,
 With vet'ran tars, once Britain's boast,
 In conflict dire of wind and tide,
 In ocean's dread abyss were lost.

A single bark contain'd the few,
 Who dar'd the ocean's curling frown;
 Yet groaning wept the hapless crew,
 Who, storm-compell'd, fought Neptune's throne.

A blanket was their porous sail—
 A hat bal'd forth the briny flood—
 Cold winds did nature fierce assail,
 Bereft of hope—bereft of food.

No star beam'd forth hope's pleasing ray,
 But gloomy tempests beat around;
 Despair each blast did loud convey,
 And fate appear'd with pleasure crown'd.

In Hope's fair garb, like Reason's friend,
 See Inglefield serene appear,
 With accents kind, now recommend,
 Patience to triumph o'er despair.

When nature fainting, quite distress'd,
 Nor comfort gleam'd its happy light,
 When most desponding, most unblest'd,
 At distance, land broke on the sight.

The hapless crew with frantic joy,
 Each other clasp'd with warm embrace;
 When joint misfortunes fierce annoy,
 Sweet Friendship's ties they closer brace.

Distrust and hope by turns alarm
 Each anxious eye, each throbbing heart,
 They fear a cloud their spirits warm,
 And like a mist their hopes depart.

But now the land appears to view,
 And all their fears and doubts are fled;
 To God alone their thanks are due,
 Who led them safe o'er ocean's bed.

A MASONIC SONG,

Addres'd to the R. W. M. and the rest of the Brethren of
the BEAUFORT LODGE.

Tune, "On, on, my dear Brethren,"

THE distant trav'ler who years must roam,
And anxious sigh to view his native home;
Tho' various beauties in each clime appear,
No land like home his longing soul can cheer.

My parent native Lodge I much revere,
Where sweet masonic sounds first struck my ear;
Where truths divine were join'd to moral lore,
And light convinc'd me—Masonry was pure.

No weak caprice, nor folly e'er can blind
The searching strictures of a feeling mind;
If with our mysteries we friendship twine,
It in the BEAUFORT doth most fervent shine.

O'er the expanded globe, where monarchs reign,
Whose wealth nor pow'r can happiness obtain,
In social circles only can they prove,
The bliss of friendship, or the joys of love.

On

On that fair basis Masons truly claim,
 That friendship's charm is in a Brother's name;
 For Temperance directs his steady mind,
 And Prudence there, with Fortitude you'll find.

Fair Justice and the Muses with us dwell,
 We strive in each blest'd science to excel;
 Sweet architecture we expose to view,
 And raise the orders with proportion true.

Such then are Masons, whose expanded hearts,
 Adore the FOUNTAIN of all lib'ral arts;
 Oh may the Craft HIS blessings just deserve,
 And may HIS light the BEAUFORT long preserve.

A R H A P S O D Y

ON

Madame DU FRENOY.

OH, Clio, warm me now to sing,
 In strains sublime, heroic fire:
 Oh, now from Helicon take wing,
 With Pindar's flame my soul inspire.

Let

Let Fame assist my humble lay,
 To heav'n's high arch her trumpet sound,
 Diffuse far wide her glowing ray,
 Let it from world to world rebound.

The spheres again shall it proclaim,
 Thro' wide immensity of space;
 Celestial notes attune her fame,
 Her noble soul—her beautiful face.

Frenoy declare—Frenoy repeat—
 Let angels all her deeds record;
 Each daring act, each wondrous feat,
 When female valor stain'd the sword.

The freighted bark from Marseilles steer'd,
 To Genoa, the fam'd and proud;
 Frenoy the fair, on deck appear'd,
 And sea-green Tritons sung aloud,

The happy husband of Frenoy,
 With pleasure view'd the azure main;
 Nor fancy'd ought could mar his joy,
 Ere night's dark veil revolv'd again.

So oft vain man, 'midst pleasure dwells
 Nor feels alarm'd at distant woe;
 Till four misfortune rapid swells
 The adverse stream of ills below.

A seaman view'd from top-mast high,
 At distance far a sail appear,
 Whose horrid streamers waving fly,
 To kill the coward with despair.

Blush, blush ye pow'rs who rule the world,
 Whom fair Astrea ne'er can warm;
 Or, else, why not your lightnings hurl'd,
 The foes of virtue to disarm.

'Tis Godfrey's Knights, in Malta's isle,
 Whose bloody cross inspires each deed;
 Who for their GOD in conflict smile,
 When his worst foes expiring bleed.

In this small isle, see Virtue rear'd
 Her god-like standard to the wind;
 Let different forms now disappear,
 And all unite to bless mankind.

Ere groaning christians drag the chain,
 And ravish'd matrons die with shame,
 Let blood avenge, and horror reign,
 See dire Algiers consum'd in flame.

By danger rous'd, the bark's whole crew
 Resolv'd to conquer or to die,—
 And fair Frenoy amidst them flew,
 To lead the way to victory.

In vain her husband anxious strove;
 From dread dismay his wife to tear;—
 With sabre bright resolv'd to prove,
 She could defend what was most dear.

The corsair then, with hellish fire,
 Did on the Tartane loudly play;
 And grappling close—loud yells inspire,
 To horrid carnage and dismay.

Now brave Frenoy, rous'd by despair,
 With more than common valor fought;
 His daring acts the Moors did scare,—
 They in the ocean refuge sought.

A pistol ball brought Freboy low,
 With loss of blood, with labor faint—
 When his fair wife, with valor's glow,
 Was then his brave defending saint.

A daring Turk, to beauty blind,
 Frenoy's sweet champion durst annoy;
 When she with force of manly kind,
 Did the assailant quick destroy.

" Courage, my friends, the foe repel,
 " For honor and for freedom fight;
 " Let Christians now o'er Moors excel,
 " Vengeance will sure applaud the right.

" To bend beneath Mahomet's laws,
 " Where death alone can slav'ry end,
 " For us is sure no trivial cause,
 " Nor tamely now must we contend.

By Mars inspir'd, by Pallas led,
 The Marseilles crew with ardor flam'd,
 For on the deck the numbers dead,
 The fell assailants' ardor tam'd.

A distant war the Corfair wag'd,
 But beauty warm'd each ball that flew;
 Wild horror then no longer rag'd,
 For beauty must e'en brutes subdue.

The pirates then their canvas spread,
 And safety fought by coward flight;
 For round Frenoy's all lovely head,
 The deities with care unite.
 The shatter'd bark to port return'd,
 And gentle zephyrs blew the gale;
 And watry Neptune's bosom burn'd,
 The Gallic heroine to hail.

With laurel wreaths Frenoy to crown,
 Uniting thousands now entwine;
 Whilst rending shouts to Jove's high throne,
 On air's soft bosom, sound divine.

A MASONIC SONG.

ADDRESSED TO THE

ROYAL GLOUCESTER LODGE,
GLOUCESTER.

Tune, "Let care be a stranger."

LET the myrtle of Venus, and Bacchus's vine,
With Flora's fair tints form a wreath that's divine,
Let the Muses their skill together unite,
A sweet chaplet to form of love and delight;
For whom, says the prude, who nature can warm,
Is this chaplet so sweet, that females can charm?
For MASONS, says Momus, those true sons of love,
Who their charter deriv'd from Jove who's above.

See Urania advance, with Clio her friend,
Observe all the deeds by history penn'd ;
No act that is worthy, or science yet shewn,
But to a FREE MASON must fully be known :
See the noble five orders with symmetry rise,
Their canopy nought but the star-spangled skies,
Inclosing the virtues to FREE MASONS taught,
Whose precepts with downy-wing'd Charity's
fraught.

The

The sun in the east his glory displays,
 Aurora before him announces her rays;
 When high in meridian, we MASONS know well,
 To cheer with repast—then with toil each excel;
 When with crimson and gold he sets in the west,
 The men we discharge, and to labour give rest:
 From morning to eve we his beauties admire,
 For light and instruction FREE MASONS inspire.

Our tenets are noble, sublime is each part,
 The soul they exalt, and expand the warm heart;
 The tongue thus directed will ever defend,
 A Brother when absent, and call him his friend:
 The Lodge, ROYAL GLOUCESTER support the
 bright name,
 Shew virtues Masonic with splendor and fame,
 Let the world still respect your zeal and your fire,
 And the noble FIRST THREE your hearts all
 inspire.

F I N I S.

The sun in the east his glory displays
Autumn before his announces her rays
When high in meridian, we Masons know well
To cheer with repast—then with toil each excel
When with crimson and gold he sets in the west
The men we discharge, and to labour give rest
From morning to eve we his business admire
For light and instruction from Masons inspire
Our tents are nobles, sublime is each part
The soul they exalt, and expand the warm heart
The tongue thus directed with ever defray
A Brother when absent, and call him his friend
The Lodge, Brother, and all his friends support the
Shew virtues Masons in splendor and fame
Let the world still respect your zeal and your fame
And the noble FIRST THREE your hearts all



F I V I 3

